"Command, indeed," shouted Phil.

down among the driftwood the two

couples went, but together-for Hunt had sprang to Jean and Phil to Bess-

and both were battling for the vine

As each one deposited his dripping load safely under the low spreading trees, an embarrassed silence fell on the

"I say, Phil, there has been a con

founded mistake somewhere. These

girls have been playing us a nice game,

"No such thing. It wasn't us," and

"We'll get the boats righted now, and

settle that question later," and, with a

wicked laugh in his eyes, Phil walked

off to where his painted Bess was rol-

licking, bottom upward, among the

"Choose your boats, young ladies?"

Indignant chorus under the trees:

"To say men don't take advantage.

Oh, this is too much! To make us

The young men stood regarding them

"You will catch cold if you do no

"They might save our pride. I'm aw-

Then Mr. Hunt Ashly, with horrible

visions of cold and catarrh, walked up

to Miss Jean Inslow and prisoning the

two little hands in one of his, and en-

circling the drenched, trembling little

"Now will you come?"
"Yes, Hunt." And Meekness walked

Marvelous, what friends these two

"Hem! have you seen anybody today?"

thing in the world as a cold-never!

"No. Have you seen some one?

"Oh, and yours up the road."

tomorrow evening."

tle explanations.

the prints of her tiny boots.

again, Phil. You swore it."

"No-o; but somehow"-

"And did I, sweetheart?"

"But somehow I did, didn't I? Bless

those deathly old snags"—a sound which

generally follows the meeting of four lips—"Did you know that Hunt and

Jean are going to be married tomorrow?"

the parson; and, Bess, I asked the par-

son too, and the parson's wife heard us,

and she's the veriest old gossip, you

And the ring fitted so nicely, and was

Male Mortality in New Orleans

There seems to be something pretty serious the matter with the men of New

Orleans. There are 15,000 more women

than men there; nevertheless five men

die to every four women. The trouble

comes between the ages of twenty-one and fifty. Between the ages of thirty

and fifty the ratio of mortality is nearly

two men to one woman. Among whites

and blacks the same curious state of

plain why it happens so, but it is evi-

things prevails. The doctors cannot ex

dent that there is going to be a corner in males in New Orleans unless some

one finds out. The excess of women be

gan after the war, and has been increas-

ing ever since, and especially during the

last twelve years .- Atlanta Constitution.

Sir Boyle Boche's Famous "Break."

When Sir Boyle Roche made his

famous speech, "I smell a rat; I see him

floating in the air; but mark me, sir, I

will nip him in the bud," his ideas were

clear enough, but he lost sight of rats,

An Old Story.

He-Miss Spinster is going to be mar-

Et-Oh, yes, I've heard that ever

1 can remember. -- Pick-Me-Up.

O trust the eyes that win theel And trust the lips that smilel And let no doubt within thee Fronbie thy loy the while!

Seine and enjoy the present,
The all the wise one do.
Could it make thine more pleasant
To know thy love were trust

If she prove true forever,

his mind .- Youth's Companion.

He\_Have you heard?

She-What?

know, and it's all over the village

won't risk any more delays."

-C. H. in New York News.

"But they are, for I heard them ask

figure, kissed her flower face affame.

gave one last feminine claw.

ripped over to see Jean.

Bess' face rivaled the trumpet flowers

Hunt was the first to break it.

covered banks.

truly.

crafts

over her head.

vines and creeners.

the tipsy shells affoat.

choose! How mean!"

with owlish gravity.

hasten." from the boats.

A whispered colloquy:

Bess, you choose first."

"Oh, no! Jean, you choose."

fully chilly, Bess." (Sneeze.)
"So am I, oh!" (Two-three sne

Singled and teen the white see laces the fire trains of the Indian deeps and anoth the strong worse races to disclose and strain in the waves with

The great sails swell, the broad bows abiver To green and silver the purple sea. And down from the sound a dending river Flows broken gold where our ship goes from

Too free too fast with memories laden
I game to the northward where lies Japan;
On fair and pleasant and soft voiced making
You are there, too distant! O Yoshi Saal
Too are under these clouds by the storm with

A throward rt, as the sea guil tice. At least as if Death, not Time, had taken My eyes away from your beautiful eyes.

Tes if it were Death, of friends, my fairest The fit is were Death, of friends, my fairest. He could not read our spirits in twalk.

They could not near to be less than aspect. In the world where true hearts mingle again.

But and is the hour we sigh farewell in, And for me, wholever they name Japan, All grace, all charm, of the land you dwell in in spoken in eaying "O Yould San!"

Boston Globe.

## THE BOY BOATMAN.

A large pair of heavily laden coal boats, or "broadhorns" as they were termed, swept out of the Ohio and, calching the current of the mighty Misplacippi, began the second stage of the journey to New Orienna. The lumbering, cumbrous crafts had

come all the way from Pittsburg under the command of Joe Irick, a most skillful pilot. These coal boats were pecunow things of the past, their places being supplied by large barges, which are covered back and forth by steamers.

They were built of 1-inch pine boards, carefully selected, and any piece of lumjected. 'No nails were used in putting were called for.

These fruil vessels were loaded deep with coal from the mines, then two were lashed together side by side, and with a crow of shirty-five or forty men would float serundy down the Ohio and Mississippi to their destination.

The day in which our story opens Joe Irick was standing in the stern of one of the boats, with the long steering our in hand guiding his broadborn on its way. Benide him was a lad about sixteen years of age, a handsome, intelligent looking boy, who seemed to be wrapped in wonder and admiration at the sublimity of the scene that stretched out before

Well, Jimmy, my son, we're on the old Mississippi once more. Let me see; "Yes, uncle, you know you have taken me twice yourself to New Orleans."

"That's a fact, Jim. But you see I'm getting old and am apt to forget little things like a trip down river. Now I couldn't tell within fifteen or twenty how many times I've been down stream."

"That's not to be wondered at," returned the boy, respectfully, "for you were a pilot long before I was born. But, look, yonder comes a high pressure boat up stream," and Jimmy pointed to a dense cloud of black snoke which was pouring out of the double stacks of a large steamer that was approaching. "Let her come, my lad, let her come. She's got to keep out of our way. Now,

what would you say," continued Irick. and, what's more, the name of the man who is looking at us now out of her pilot house, and likely enough wishing us sunk down among the catfish for my son, that's the River Queen, and n Williams is her pilot."

"How can you be so positive at such a distance" asked the boy, his gaze still riveted on the boat.

"Listen to that exhaust," and Jo Irick turned his head so as to better eatch the peculiar sound. "There isn't another 'hooker' betwirt Cairo and the Gulf with such a voice as that. Now you'll see when we meet Williams, he'll lay the River Queen as close to this broadhorn as he dares to. It's an old trick of his. He thinks to frighten us, but here's a hoes that don't frighten so ensily. I tell you one thing, Jimmy, he'll cut up that caper once too often, and when he sends a pair of boats with their freight to the bottom of the Mississippi I'm under the impression that the owners will fire him schore on the bank, and then he'll have to take to coal boating bimself, like the rest of us.

By this time the steamer was within a few yards of our friend, when she was seen to change her course a fraction.

"There, boy, didn't I tell you? Jack
Williams has starb'—ed his helm, think-

ing to raise our hair!" Then in a loud voice, which could have been heard from one-side of the river to the other, Hullos, Williams! Up to your old

tricks again? I reckon you wouldn't have taken the trouble of changing your course if you'd a known Joe Irick was on board here. He don't belong to the Howdy, Joe," returned the man in

the steamer's pilot house. "Oh, no, I don't want to crowd you into the bank. There's room enough on the stream for two such fellows as you and L" As Irick was about to answer, a shrill

scream was heard, issuing from the after part of the steamer, and the same instant a child was seen to fall from the gail of the hurricane deck to the water. in a second Jimmy, the boy boatman

oprang across the coal until he reached age of the broadhorn, and then plunged head foremost into the muddy

heavy boats were drifting fully eve miles an hour, while the steamer had been making equally good time up sgainst the stream; consequently, when the brave lad reached the little girl, his own craft as well as the River een were some distance away.

toe frick was almost as quick to act as his nephew. Calling to the "second pilot" to take the steering our he picked up the fittle skiff, that is always carried top of the coal, isomehed it, and seathimself upon the thwart held it in tion until the rescuer and his burden drifted down within his reach.

Extending his hand, Joe seized the shild and drove it this the boat, saying

Ton get all of the stern and hang on there used I can pull down to the broadhors. You won't get any wetter than you are now and there's no danger

the cele a nibbling at your tree."
"All right, Uncle Jos. Don't bother at me. I can overhaul the boats befure you, now"- And the boy striking one vigorously actually did leave that skill behind in the race down the river When the breathers was reached the

thetic maiden, in her dripping gurments, was lifted carefully and deposited on a bianket, which some thoughtful mem-ber of the crow had spread on top of the

Ice come on board and resuming the

steering our ordered:
"Iwo of you follows take the skiff and run a line down and make it fast ... that hig tree on the Kentucky bank.
We'll tie up and give Jack Williams a chance to come back and pick up his passengers that he's scattering around so careless like."

It was a difficult task to lay the two heavy boats alongside the shore without sustaining any injury, for they were so fruit that the least touch upon a rock or amag would have meant instead destruc-

When the pilotsaw that the line had been properly secured he sent his assist-ant forward to the "genging car," while he himself wielded the "steerer," and his men pulled lustily at the sweeps to swing the bows of the broadhorn up stream. Then as the inner boat began to near the land two long poles were run out to fend them off from the bank.

This work completed, Joe turned his attention to the little sufferer, by whose side his nephew had remained, endeavor-ing to quiet her hysterical sobbing, and to assure her that she need not fear, that all danger was past.

'Pears to me, little one, you took a mighty sudden bath," said Irick, with a smile, as he looked down at the tear stained face of the child.

Oh, sir, it was terrible! I was reaching over to look at your boats as they passed when I lost my balance and fall

"That's it," returned the pilot grimly.
"If Williams hadn't been a outting up his capers and kept his vessel where it belonged, you wouldn't have had to reach clear over the side in order to see a couple of heaps of coal and a number of ragged boatmen going by you. But here comes the River Queen after us, and you'll soon be safe and sound with your friends again, my little one."

"Oh, yes, and I have you to thank for saving me," replied the maiden, looking at Jimmy in such a manner as to cause the warm blood to mantle the boy's cheek. "Papa will be very grateful to you, and I know when he comes to take me away he will give you a handsome

"Oh. I could not think of accepting anything in payment of a duty which plainly devolved upon me," stammered e young boutman.

"Neverthelees, I know he will insist upon doing something for you. He thinks so much of me I am sure he would rather give the whole of his steamer than to have me drowned. Papa owns the River Queen, didn't you know it?". "What's that, miss?" asked Joe in as

"That's what the people at the plantation call him. But at New Orleans or Cairo he is known as Mr. Carroll."

tonishment. "Is Squire Carroll your

"Then, boy," exclaimed the bluff old pilot, slapping Jimmy on the shoulder, "you've done a big stroke of work for yourself this day, and we'll see you a Branch pilot" within a twelvemonth. I hope you'll try to teach that Williams some sense. It's just this way, miss," continued Joe, turning to the girl, "my nephew has wanted for some time to go steamboating, but I've never been able to get him a chance; so if you'd just as lief ask your father to let him have a berth aboard the River Queen when we meet her at Orleans

"The request is granted without the aid of a mediator!" declared a tall, fine looking gentieman, who had come alongside the coal boat in one of the steam-er's skiffs in time to hear the speech of Joe Frick

"My precious child is restored to me." clasping the little girlin bisarms. Then the fond father deposited her again upon the blanket, and turning to Jimmy grasped the boy's hand and wrung it

"Yes, my brave lad. You shall be second pilot of the River Queen. And, Mr. Irick," to Joe, "as no doubt you feel that you would be the best instructor of

your nephew, you shall go first." "Oh, thank you, sir, thank you, sir, tammered the veteran boatman, overwhelmed with surprise and gratitude. "But, sir, you forget Williams. He's a right good man, is Jack, and I'd never e the one to do anything that would take the bread and butter out of his mouth, though he does cut up capers sometimes, and cause the broadhorn

men a heap of nervousness."
"Williams shall be cared for," smilngly returned the wealthy man. "He will have a new steamer after the next trip, and it is partially through his rec-ommendation that I decided to place the River Queen in your hands. Now, I must bid you goodby, for your old friend up in the pilothouse there is anxions to be on his way to Cairo, Farewell till we meet at New Orleans. Do not leave the city till you see me."

Then, taking the damp form of his

rescued child in his arms, Mr. Carroll hastened to the steamer, whose crew east loose from the bank, and in a few moments was out of sight up river. The coal boatmen were too much

elated to resume their journey that day.
"No, sir," said Joe Irick, as he skipped back and forth over the shining heap, we don't float another mile till tomorrow morning. The boys shall have a rest while I go ashore at Hickman and send a letter to Polly, my wife, and let her know that her husband has been ner know that her husband has been rated chief pilot of one of the finest beats on the river, and it was all owing to that nephew of hers, Jim, the boy beatman of the Mississippi."—Henry Marlton in Yankee Blade.

## MORITURNS

I feel the slow, soft shadows in the room And through the curtains I can faintly son The patient face that was so much to me When life and love and hope were in their

Through all the mist, through all the deepening gloom.

It games down to mild sevenity.

As if to make as gratile as may be

The scholing pathway leading to the tomb.

Ob. Mother, let me grasp thy hand while yet My eyes can see thes; let thy lips touch mine. Thy cool hand trembles, and thine eyes or wet The tears I weep are tears of yoy dirine. I have no pain. I have no grief or fear. And douth seems sweet to me while then ar

-Burton Egbert Steresonn in New York Sun.

"So Miss Wallflower has caught Mr. Slim?

"Sie bas." "He is awfully thin, ten't her" "Yes: that's why she got so easily around him."-New York Press. TO A HEAD OF LORD BYRON.

Some men their smiling fates endow With power to please as even se seen. With charm of hyacinthine brow. And symmetry of mice.

Such power was thine. Each story told, With comment from thy burning eye, By lips of such a goddla's moid. Strange, radiant securer! Thy spell

On man or maid had equal wight To make all heaven look dark as hell, Or almost blinding bright. For us who, in a colder age, Aver thy lines want many a grace, "I'm well if o'er th' impassioned page We see thy proud young face.

Then gallant heart, to ship wreck tost By the world's madness and thins own, We had once more thy accent lost, And thy resistings tone. Theodore C. Williams in Harper's Weekly.

## ON THE SNAGS.

A firm, quick step sounded behind her on the hard country road, and though she well knew whose step it was, and her heart throbbed and her breath came quicker, she only turned her head nonchalantly and said flippantly:

"Oh! It is you?" "Yes, it is me. You knew it was me. Are you going to throw me over?" and the big fellow's voice shook and his fair face flushed with pain.

"Throw you over! Gentlemen never use slang-to ladies."

"You know what I mean. Jean, are you aware that you refused to dance every dance with me today?" "I really forget; my memory, you

"One moment, if you please, and then I have done. Is it yes or no?" "Hunt, don't be stupid. You know I

hate to be remarked on."
"And so do I, and I will not again be subjected to the remarks I heard today. Once more, is it yes or no?" "Well, no, then, if you press the

"Be it so." And, with a grave bow, Hunt Ashly turned and was gone. Pretty Jean Inslow was stunned for a moment, then swallowed a gulp in her throat as pride battled to the front. "Let him go. If a man is such a fool

that he can't see-pshaw! nobody And then, to prove that nobody did care, she sat down and c.ied until ber pretty eyes looked like a stewed ferre.

and her pretty little nose had the appearance of an apoplectic lobster. "There's one thing morally certain," she continued—"of all things in the wide world there's nothing I hate like

This last remark was made out loud, and intended for the benefit of the trees and the wide eyed purple violets: but, alas! it reached the ears of a tall fellow, with blond hair, who stood just on the

other side of the blossoming hedge.

He gave a slight whistle and compressed his lips a little firmer as he strode off under the low, drooping trees, without once looking behind. "Well, I have done it now. I'm glad

he heard me say I hated him. Nobody cares. I'll go to the dance tonight with Phil. and flirt too." And Jean, with her head very high in

the air, tried to persuade herself that she really didn't care. Hunt Ashly went on down the road through the shaded village street and stopped at the gate of a vine wreathed cottage. A black eyed, pleasant faced girl was tying up some of the vines on

trellises. "Bess," he said, helping her twine up a golden lipped jasmine, "will you go to the dance with me tonight?" "What? Where's Jean?"

"Quarreled." "Ah! I see. I'm invited for cat's paw. "No. I asked you because I did not

wish to go alone.' "Well, all right, I'll go. The fact is, Ive quarreled with Phil, and-and Id rather go with you than not."

Jean and Bess were the two prettiest girls in the village, and the two best dancers besides, and that night when Jean and Phil appeared Bess and Hunt had just finished the first set.

Each took in the situation at a glance. Bess and Jean called each other hard names under their breath and hated each other in a small minded, womanly way intensely. The men stood and eyed each other fiercely and pulled their mustaches, and looked as if it would give them the most exquisite pleasure to annihilate each other.

"Phil," said Jean, "come out on the piazza with me. "The piazza? Oh, certainly! But

where are they going?" "Following us, it seems." Close as their own shadows Hunt and

Bess stuck to them, and, though there were a great many tender things uttered on both sides, there was certainly not very much scope for so called flirtation. "Bess," presently called Jean, "are you going boating tomorrow?"

"Yes, perhaps."
"Miss Bess is going in my boat. Whose boat do you grace, Miss Jean? (Confound that gibbering idiot?"

"Oh, Phil's, of course," leaning tenderly toward him. ("I hate Bess Miller! His boat, indeed!")

And the next morning the gavly painted boats rocked over the heart of the pulsing over as the stalwart arms of the oarsmen rowed against the gurgling ripples; then, throwing down their cars, they lazily drifted back with the

But the two boats Jean and Bess were in still shot up the stream. "Hunt, let us go back. We'll be on the snags presently!"

And Bess' face was ashen pale. "Call Phil back; he must be mad!" And Jean, in the other boat, was say-

"Phil, drive on the snags. You don't care, and I don't. Hunt knows the danger. He'll soop in time." It was a dangerous place, where the drifted logs from the mountain torrence

lay imbedded in the mud and reared their beads like gaunt, devouring alligators waiting for their prey. At high water the boats would have cleared them easily, but now they lurked

hidden death beneath the throbbing Suddenly Hunt Ashly's boat shot ahead, daring the warning energy. "Madman, what do you mean! If hife

Can that increase thy blies Today? Nay, then wilt never Know trust my than this. And if the turn deceiver,
Why should the steens heart grieved
Wesp only if inou grieve her.
And die een then deceive.
-- Holest Bridges in New York See. is so cheap, you're walcome to the death you covet! Jean, come into my heat, I command you," and Hunt's voice had a ring in it Jean had agver heard before

ADVERSE FATES.

hearsely. "You are pretty richly freighted. What more would you have" "I am listening to you," said Aunella, anding her blond little head and Mario These the two bright glancing boats felt that her sleed w hand trembled in clashed, and over they turned, and with two tremendous cries, "Hunt!" "Phil!"

Who was Anneils? The beautiful widow of Count Giummi had found her one day, pale, desolate and exhausted, beside a dead woman in a squalid, dark room. That dead woman was the sunt of the countess and the mother of Annella, and the poverty which surrounded her was the sole inheritance of the fair young girl. Countess Giummi, rich, admired and nourted by the fine flower of aristocratic

courted by the fine flower of aristocratic salons, lived upon vanity and coquetry. But in epite of that she had a morsel of heart, and poor Annella's little white face had the power to draw two beauti-ful tears, more lucent than pearls, from her great, black, enchanting eyes. If the baron, the viscount or the marquis could have seen those two pearls, surely they would have loved her even more than they did—so compassionate and tender did also seem amid the triumphs of her happy youth. That same evening Annella repo

It did not take twenty minutes to get With the airs of "conquering heroes," the young men stood by their respective a soft bed, under a counterpane of pink silk, while at the balcony window, that she had left partly open, the moon peered in and laid a tint of pallor upon the rose red divans of the elegant little

Two years passed after that first tran-quil sleep. Annella's beauty, which early privations and sorrows had almost withered in the bud, bloomed again as if by magic. It was a pleasure to see the radiant girl; a siender little person, but with perfect curves of outline, the bust full, the throat of admirable softness, and the little head—oh, that dainty little head was like an artist's thought! Like a golden wave, the curling hair, which she were unbound and floating, ripple down her shoulders; her eyes laughe with the color of the clear heavens under arching, delicate eyebrows that were black against the whiteness of her forehead and gave a resolute expression to her beautiful countenance. small, rosy mouth was always smiling; it was but a languid smile and tinged with an expression of melancholy or

bediently to her cockle shell namesake. "I wouldn't have done it, Bess," murmured Phil, after he had performed the Now, after having sketched Annella's graceful figure, it seems strange not to be able to give it a background of bright same operation, "if you had come your-Miss Meekness Number Two followed colors. We know how much a brilliant setting adds to a gem, and certainly the the lead of Meekness Number One, but Countess Giummi's beauty gained great-ly by the luxury and richness of her And tomorrow was come, and Bess dress and surroundings. A fashionable dressmaker, an artist in his line, dressed her with Parisian taste; a skillful young had become! There was never such a woman, who was maid and confidents together, combed the wealth of her dark hair that touched the floor and adapted to her shapely person stuffs, solors, flowers and jewels. From their hands the countess issued a true goddess of love and her shrine gleaming with "No." (Intelligible very.) "Oh, there's "Phil and I have concluded on a

silks, marbles, silver and crystal in-creased the enchantment and rendered her marvelous to the eyes of visitors. Poor Annella! so simple in her little muslin govn; so timid in that rich double wedding tomorrow. We've waited as long as we intend to wait, and I've bespoken the parson for 13 tomorrow; so, Jean, put your hands in mine-you don't hate me now, do you?house, not her own, how could she contend for the palm with that superb and tell me my wife will make my tea And pretty, coquettish Jean said right rays of the moon dim the placid light of the quiet stars. So the hundred gentlemen that flocked into those gilded Coquettes make the most submissive rooms had eyes only for the beautiful wives, they say, and, moreover, she said countess, and if they deigned to bestow a passing word or look on the timid girl, a great many other foolish things to that was merely an act of homage to the down, figuratively speaking, and kissed reigning lady, homage that showed their admiration for her charity to a de-And Phil and Bess under the amber lipped jasmine bower had their own litpendent. They all knew, and from her own mouth, too, the counters had taken "You said you would never ask me the forsaken orphan to this beautiful home and changed her sorrow to happi-

But was Annella really happy? Her young heart thirsted for love. In her childhood she had been the one treasure of her poor mother, and though she had often lacked bread, air and sunlight, caresses were never wanting. She knew the awaetness of a kins into which is transfused all a loving soul; she knew the dual life, the breath mingled with another breath from a breast palpitating with tenderness. Yes, her mother's love had taught her all these things, and taught them to her in poverty. Then this time; and here's the ring, and I came fine times, abundance of everything, new amusements every day and every hour, noisy gayeties and the luxso becoming to the little brown hand ury of carriages and dinners. But strange to say, amid all this laughter of that Bess said well, if Jean did, she would. And Jean did, and so Bess did. life, her heart was narrowed, o She indeed no longer suffered from honger, cold or tear of worse misfortunes but henceforth she had no one to love her, nor a simple object to call forth her own love, though she felt an overpowering need to bestow on some one

all her warm, impassioned soul.

At first she had tried for this exchange of affection with her cousin, the magnificent countess. Alas! she had found her kind, courteous, generous, but friv-olous, full of herself and her attractions, and incapable not only of feeling love,

but even of comprehending it.

Discomfited, Annella had looked about her, and amid that array of faces, coats and decorations that made a circle around her beautiful cousin she had sought and sought. An odd girl! She had actually found those polished gentlemen empty and unsympathetic, al-though finely clad and unexceptionable from top to toe. How could she have dared to raise even her thoughts to the heights on which they moved? Which of them would have deigned to descend to her, a poor little orphan, sheltered by the pity of her cousin?

air and buds in the thought that was in Thus set apart and averse to all flatteries, she led her own life, amid the festivities and the constant noise and confusion of the house.

But one evening she discovered among the crowd a newcomer-blond and handsome like herself, and like herself and timid and embarrassed. At once a secret sympathy attracted her toward young Mario. It seemed to her that she might be able to comfort him with her words, for surely he cherished a deep sorrow in his heart, since his fine face never brightened with lively color, and his eyes often glistened as if with restrained tears.
He welcomed sympathy so eagerly

He welcomed sympathy so eagerly that it appeared as if he cought her, as if he came solely for her asks. And they soon talked freely together. After their first meeting, which was full of embarrasement to both of them, they passed all the reception evenings of the spiendid countess together. Annella xi-ways awaited him with indescribable

her life was concentrated in her heart, that beat, heat as if it would burst its houds. Then with studied carelemnes he wandered through the rooms until he succeeded in placing himself at her side, from whence he did not stir until the last guests were about to leave.

Mario had told the story of his life—

outburst of Mario's love. He loved her -oh! she was sure of that-but why did he not tell her so? Of course, natural timidity—the fear of troubling her simple life. He was so noble, her Mario! But finally he must explain himself. Oh! and she would not stammer in giving him a favorable answer; such a yes would escape her lips—and then what mutual joy, what warmth in their fu-ture talks! Then she would be obliged to tell it to her cousin, and the kind countess would willingly consent. But why did he not speak to her?

One evening when they were alone in the shadow of the little yellow drawing room Mario suddenly let himself go, seized her trembling hand and mur mured to her, "I will-I must speak to

Annella trembled, not daring to interrupt him, but she would have liked to fling herself upon his neck without let-ting him finish, and to say to him amid a world of kisses, "Here is joy for you." But he continued, "I loved, and today I love more than then; I suffered, and to day I suffer more than ever."

The girl started and looked, wild eyed, at his face. Why did he speak of suffering? Had he not understo great love? Or was he feigning, per haps, in order to hear her confess it? "Dear girl," and here Mario caressed her hand, "you indeed have comforted me, you have helped me to bear my grief; but now my anguish has reached

the last degree-I know that my love will never be returned." "No, no; you mistake!" Anella involuntarily interrupted, bending toward

"I mistake?" he exclaimed, with hope eaming in his glance. "Why do you say so? Do you know who it is that I

And Annella, shamefaced and confused, stammered, "I imagine."
"Well," continued Mario bitterly, "if you know whom I love you will have seen for some time that she not only does not even dream of this tempest in my soul, but she would never imagine

that one so low would dare to lift his eyes to her." What! Was he going mad? Why did he talk of descending? And the girl, profoundly troubled, asked him quickly: "Sae! Who?" "Your cousin, the

"Do you love her? Her!" And An nella could say no more. She felt a bill like ice through her veins, a ringing in her ears; she saw sparks, shadows, before her eyes-then nothing. When she came to berself she was

upon her bed, with the beautiful countess bending a little uneasily over her. "Oh, what was the matter?" asked the countess; "have you quarreled this

"With whom?" said Annella, not yet quite herself. With Mario, with your impassioned Mario, who, I hope, will decide to ask me for your hard."

"Ah!" exclaimed the poor girl, "Marie loves only you."

"Me!" replied the countess, with a baughty mieu. "What a stupid man!"

And she went to the mirror to arrange the corsage of the scarlet gown that set off the marb.e whiteness of her perfect

Annella beried her face in the pillow, and drenched it with scalding tears.— Translated from the Italian of Brutinia Barsocchi, ror Short Stories, by E. Co-VALZA.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Caterrh that can-not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHESEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

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That Worked Like a Charm! A Thoughtful and Loving Wife Cures Her Husband of the

he sundered through the rooses until he succeeded in placing himself at her side, from whence he did not six until the last guests were about to leave.

Mario had told the story of his lifehia poor life of discounfort and isolaton. He too, was an orpian, brought up by strangers who had speculated upon his talent. By force of study and effort he had at hast made for himself a position that had enabled him to demand his liberty in exchange for a monthly payment. Never, poor soul, had he tasted the sweetness of mutual love.

Annella, in her secret heart, rejoiced at all this. For would it not be her privilege to give him the delights that he had never experienced, her task to make him forget the hitterness of so many years, and to reward him for all his sufferings? At night how many dreams of this kind peopled the virginal little room of the young girl, and in fancy she caw herself already an adored wife, clasped to the grotle and noble breast of her beloved Mario.

One thing, however, preoccupied her mind. When she met Mario for the first time a cloud of sadness had veiled his attractive countenance, a sadness behind which she had perceived a desply wounded heart. Of that wound Mario had never spoken to her, but the cloud had not passed away, notwithstanding the love that Annella breathed toward him from her eyes, her smile, her entire personality. And then, too, there was something else that she would have wished—indeed, she expected it every evening, and always vainly—the final outburst of Mario's love. He loved her—oht she was sure of that—but why did her world over it is also intelly harmies for any man addicted to the use of alobelic drinks, who wishes healing and the prevent of even the most limited in mean. It is certainly worth your while to inquire about the Specific, and why not airtil it now be securing and health, to co continue a slave to drink when this peeries remedy, that has the highest endorsements both about the specific, and why not airtil it now be securing and health to co continue a slave t reach of even the most limited in means. It is certainly worth your while to inquire about the Specific, and why not start it now by securing a 48-page pamphlet, free, of Golden Specific Co., Cincinnati, O., which contains unanswerable arguments its favor.

The Line of Lakes

The above name has been applied to the Wisconsin Central lines on account of the large number of lakes and summer resorts tributary to its lines. Among some of the well known sum-mer resorts are For Lake, Ill., Lake Villa, Ill., Waukesha, Mukwonago, Cedar Lake, Neenab, Waupaca, Fifield, Butternut and Ashland, Wis. These akes abound in numerous species of fish, such as black bass, rock bass, pickerei, pike, perch, muskalionge, while sportsmen will find an abundance of game, such as ducks, geese, quait, And Annella, bending her fair head and almost suffocated with emotion, replied. "I am listening to you!"

"Dear Annella," Mario began, "have you never asked yourself why I first came to this house?"

"How should P Chance perhaps," murmured Annella, hardly able to contain her joy, while her heart cried out the answer, "For me, for me alone."

"It was not a chance, no—I came here conquered, led by passion alone. I loved and was wild with pain before I set foot inside the house," declared Mario.

Annella trembled, not daring to intermed him but also around the intermediate of the great cities during the midsummer months, has extended southward as far as the Guif of Maxico and castward to the Atlantic. Pamphlets giving valuable information can be obtained free upon application to A. A. Jack, D. P. A., Detroit, Mich., or James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

All kinds of trimmed hate at Adams', the Monroe street milliner, at prices that cannot be equaled. Mr. Adams is now in New York selecting the latest

Spring Chickens at Dettenthaler's Lace Curtains at cost to close them TENHOPE,

Popular Summer Resort. Hotel Ottawa, Ottawa Beach, Mich. lichigan, twenty miles south of Grand Haven; and thirty miles from Grand Rapids. Boating, fishing and fluest surf-bathing beach on the lake. Hotels first-class. Rates moderate. Now open. For particulars address Rick & Nasa.

Every Evening Wurzburg's band will play at Hartman's summer garden every evening at

The greatest worm destroyer on earth is Dullam's Great German Worm Lozenges, only 25 cents per box. For sale at D. C. Scribner's drug store.

Soing Out of business everything Good chance to buy a pair of Lace Curtains or Chenille Draperies at whole-134 Monroe street.

OVER DISEASE.

Dr. French's Marvelous Success After All Others Had Failed.

Testimony of Well Known Citizens of Michigan. Hotel Vendome, 188 Fulton Street.

The wonderful never comes to attract attention. That railed can be obtained from the most severe and discouraging discusses by the peculiar power residing in one man's hands in aurely no small wonder. That this can be done, and is done daily, has become a matter of wide note and comment. Forties who have alcottored for years with the best medical advisors in this country have laid aside their projudices in faver of the irducial methods of medical practice and adopted the magnetic treatment, to their lastingirelies and happiness.

New Wakefield, wife of Rev. A. Wakefield, of Middleville, says: "I have been so greatly benefited by your treatment that I desire to recommend it to other subserver. I am surprised at myself at the quick retlef obtained. My trouble was of the stomach and want. I suffered for years and could get no relief unit! I received your wonderful magnetic treatment. I am extremely grateful that God in His lefinite mercy sent you to my relief."

Bev. A. Wakefield reports great benefit from these treatments given him in the past three wasses, suffering from maiaria and numbers of right side; also habitual constipation. They can be referred to.

Another most remarkable case is that of Mrs. Webb of Godhan, indiana, who came here from a hospital in Fort Wryne. She had suffered many months with an ovarion tumor and it had become very large. Physicians unit there was no help but the train, but the curage failed her when she most the tailes, so the came here. Dr. Franch began treating her five weeks ago and today she is entirely cured. She want to the physicians she had done to treat with. They would not believe be statement till they had chreshyly cured incurable disease go to the Vendome little and contents by suffer from day to day. We say again, if you cuffer from day to day. We say again, if you cuffer from any supposed incurable disease go to the Vendome little and contents by any time from S. S. to to p. m: Sundays it red. No distinction shown in regard to remember to the rest to p. m. Sundays it red. No distinction shown in regard to remember to the property in the say the rest to the r red. No distinction shown in regard to re or color. To not wait to one a case like you published, but go now before it to see late.